A HOST IN HIMSELF.

He Was an E Pluribus Unum Sort of a Fellow.

It would be well if all jokes were as innocent as one played by a railroad conductor upon a commercial traveler, and related by the traveler himself in the Yankee Blade. He had left the train at a little station, a junction, on a western branch road, where he was to wait several hours for a train going in another direction. There was no one in sight, and he was looking about in a homesick fashion, when the conductor spoke to him.

"Dull place, ain't it?" said the conductor.

"Rather," answered the commercial traveler, "especially if you've got to stay here four hours."

"Oh, well, you won't be without company."

"But I don't see any. Who are they?"

"Well," said the conductor, speaking slowly, as if he were reckoning them up by a process of recollection, "there's the telegraph operator, the booking clerk, the cloak-room clerk, the signalman, the storekeeper, the accident insurance agent, the postmaster, and one or two other officials. You'll find 'em inside the station."

"That isn't so bad," the traveler thought, and as the train started he entered the door. The station was dimly lighted, with no one in sight but a sandy-haired man at the telegraph instrument.

"Where are the others?" asked the traveler.

"What others?" answered the telegraph operator.

"Why, the cloak-room man, the booking clerk, the postmaster and the rest."

The man began to grin.

"Oh, it is that conductor again," he said.

"Well, where are they?" repeated the traveler, with some asperity.

The sandy-haired man tapped himself on the chest.

"Them's me," he said. "Come in and sit with us."

And the traveler, appreciating the joke—a sort of e pluribus unum reversed,—accepted the invitation, and found himself in pretty good company.

WHY THEY STRUCK.

Workmen Who Objected to Sitting Around and Doing Nothing.

It has been customary for many people to consider the southern laborer as slow, lazy and shiftless, yet a writer in Engineering Magazine says that no stranger could enter one of the mills or pass a day in the pine-timber woods without being surprised by the vigor with which work is performed.

Work has become an instinct; the laborer knows but four conditions—eating, sleeping, working and, after pay day, a carousal, or absolute idleness.

A curious story of a strike is told at one of the mills. The hours of labor are long—from dawn to twilight. In the winter the hours are fewer, but in summer the saws are buzzing and the whole community alive and at work before the sun has touched the tree tops.

A northern foreman of philanthropic principles took charge of a certain mill, and sorrowed within his heart for the poor fellows wearing out their lives with the cant-hook and saw. So he decreed that from seven o'clock in the morning to six in the afternoon should constitute the labor of a day.

There was a murmur in the camp, and in two days there was a general strike. Called upon for reasons, the spokesman stated the case of the men:

"We all jus' doan like dis yar gwine ter wuk at seben o'clock. Wha's de use ob sittin' aroun' fer two hours in the mawnin' 'fo' gwine to wuk? We jus' ain' gwine to stan' it, dat's all."

So the strike was declared off by the superintendent agreeing to allow all hands to go to work at dawn and keep at it as long as they could see.

BLUE-EYED INDIANS.

They Live in Mexico and Are Known as "Griegos."

In a mountain village, perhaps a day's ride from Mexico City, lives a tribe of exclusive, aristocratic Indians called "los Griegos," the Greeks, says the Chicago Tribune. They are light complexioned and the majority have blue eyes and light hair. They dress principally in two shades of blue and their clothing is good, well made and generally embroidered with the bead and silk embroidery of which Indians are so fond. Their houses are better built and furnished than is usual among Indians. Many have pianos and other musical instruments upon which they play with considerable skill. These "Griegos" have no commercial or social connections with other tribes, holding aloof from even those who live at the base of the mountain on which their village is situated. They raise their own food, do their own manufacturing, have their own schools, churches and social institutions, and seldom or never marry outside of their own tribe. There is said to be another tribe of blue-eyed fair haired Indians, who have the appearance of Germans living in the Sierra Madre mountains in the state of Durango.

The Japanese Bathing Hour.

In Germany at one o'clock all the world is taking an after-dinner smoke or an after-dinner nap, and business even banking, is suspended. In Japan the bathing hour is before supper, and between five and six o'clock every living being is nude. The public baths are crowded. At home children, young people and old people are in the tub getting in or getting out of the tub, which is placed in the garden, in court yards, shops or on the piazza, without the least apology of a screen. If a customer appears the bather talks business over the water, and in private families callers are neither abashed nor embarrassing. In the humble quarters the tubs are set on the threshold, and neighbors on opposite sides of the street gossip, chatter and exchange the most amiable greetings. The national towel is nankin blue.

HE REFUSED TO DIE.

The Miraculous Resurrection of an Old Man from the Grave.

Jules Carle, of Juneau, is seventy-eight years old, but vigorous and well preserved. Twenty-six years ago he was living in New Westminster, B. C. One morning as he sat in a restaurant awaiting his ordered breakfast he suddenly died—at least there was every physical evidence of death. A competent physician examined him and pronounced him dead—a victim of heart disease. He was laid out for burial and his friends kept the usual vigil over his body.

All the time he was keenly conscious of what went on about him and could realize the fate in store for him, and yet he was as helpless as if he had been really dead. In the afternoon of the next day his friends bore him in address to the graveyard. He suffered untold agonies lying in the coffin, with the lid fastened down. He tried in vain to move or make a noise to indicate that he was alive. The trance held him a deathlike prisoner. Finally he could feel himself being lowered into the grave. As the first clod of earth struck the lid of his coffin he began feeling warm blood pulsing from his heart. All at once he could move his hands. He struck the coffin lid and called out for help. The alarmed pallbearers stopped shoveling dirt into the grave. He called again. The majority of those present beat a hasty retreat, alarmed over the fact that the dead had come to life.

One courageous friend unscrewed the lid of the coffin and helped him out. He never felt better in his life, and ran about exercising his benumbed limbs. The people believed they had witnessed a miracle. He returned to town and entered the restaurant, hungry for supper, and when the cook and servants saw him come in wrapped in his shroud they rushed out through windows and doors shaking with fright.

Chesapeake Bay Characters.

It is an interesting revelation of character to the northerner to go down the Chesapeake bay by any one of several steamboat lines running from Baltimore to points in Maryland and Virginia, on each shore of the bay. The boats are of very different quality and speed from those that ply the East river and the Hudson, and the passengers are usually southerners or border state folks. There is much talk of politics and hunting—"gunning" is the more usual term—a great deal of tobacco chewing, and an easy familiarity among the passengers and between them and the officers of the boat. The voyage on the Chesapeake, if taken by moonlight or by day, is as charming and varied as one could wish, and the steamboats run up half a dozen tidal rivers that are beautifully clear and lined with an abundant semi-tropical growth of trees and shrubs. Here and there one catches a glimpse of the grounds attached to a house having what Marylanders call a water situation, and there are occasional stops at private wharves to receive as freight the products of one or more farms.